

# The Albuquerque Morning Journal

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ALBUQUERQUE NEW MEXICO

## PUSH IT ALONG.

There is no better indication of the spirit which actuates the people of New Mexico than the hearty and enthusiastic response which has met the proclamation of the governor ordaining the "Call of New Mexico Day." The idea has appealed strongly from the jump-off to every city and commercial organization in the territory; and every community, newspaper, commercial club or board of trade and thousands of individual citizens have announced that they will boost "Post Card Day" for all it is worth. Already orders have been given for the publication of tens of thousands of special boosting post cards to be sent out on June 22. Dozens of newspapers will issue their special editions or publish special feature articles; many papers will distribute free thousands of copies on the condition that they are to be mailed to persons outside of New Mexico, who may be interested in knowing about her advantages and opportunities. Hundreds of thousands of people in every part of the country and the globe in the last week of June will receive postcards or other literature reminding them that there is a brand new state-in-the-making in the southwestern empire, and that the "Last West" is calling for volunteers to go to the front and push back the last frontier.

The idea of "Call of New Mexico Day" grows bigger the longer you think about it. It will be by all odds the greatest single advertisement New Mexico has ever had. If you have been indifferent, get the contagion of the enthusiasm which is sweeping over New Mexico. Buy a bunch of post cards and boost. Even if you don't think it will do any good to New Mexico, you may at least have the knowledge that it will help Mr. Hitchcock swell the postoffice surplus.

## MEANS BUSINESS.

It is gratifying to learn that the Albuquerque Society for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis is staying right on the job. Word from the committees is that they are busy outlining the proposed work for the year and that arrangements are under way to bring eminent medical authorities here to lecture to the public on the progress of the great campaign now under way all over the nation against the national scourge, a campaign into which Albuquerque has sent the latest recruits.

The new society has shown that it represents not a transient enthusiasm but a permanent propaganda. It will have the co-operation of every person in Albuquerque in its activities and they cannot begin too soon, a fact which the members of the society evidently have recognized in their announcement that they are getting busy at once.

Russia now proposes to stir up things in the Balkans; which announcement is welcomed with the cessation of hostilities in Mexico and the excitement in Morocco. Newspapers must live.

Biscuits are worth more than Latin, said a commencement speaker in Topeka the other day. This depends somewhat on the biscuits; for as every one knows there are biscuits and biscuits.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, as far as statehood is concerned. At present all New Mexico's birds are in the bush; there is a bare chance we may get the one in the nearest bush if we hurry.

It is announced that Taft is going to take another swing through the west. Seems like all these eminent gentlemen are watching the west pretty closely these days.

The man who gets out with a lawn mower and a dandelion eradicator on a hot day has not been duly considered as a candidate for one of Mr. Carnegie's hero medals.

Fortunately the Standard Oil company is rich enough to employ all the extra help it may need in disorganizing.

Aviator lives after 160 foot fall, says a dispatch. Cliché. An aviator who falls 160 feet has merely begun to descend.

## ANYTHING FOR STATEHOOD.

For over twenty-five years the Morning Journal has fought the good fight for statehood for New Mexico. The Morning Journal has fought for statehood in season and out of season, through good report and evil report, encouragement and discouragement. A thousand side issues have been threshed out; a thousand various phases of the question have come up; it has been befogged and complicated in a thousand various ways through the past quarter century in which the Morning Journal has been on the firing line, but we have never lost sight of the main issue, the Star of Statehood, whose rays have illumined with steady gleam the rocky and thorny path through which the people of New Mexico have struggled upward for year after year, in the face of insult and rebuff, evasion and equivocation, delay and quibbling and brutal denial.

This newspaper, as always, is for statehood first, last and all the time; under any conditions short of absolutely being hog tied and throttled; and our position remains the same. A condition has come about now, through methods of the opposing party which we have consistently and steadily denounced, which must again be faced. There is the best authority for believing that if the Flood resolution passes the senate of the United States, the president will approve the proceeding as regards both New Mexico and Arizona and both new states will be admitted. He has virtually promised to do so.

With a fair assurance of the approval of the president, the Morning Journal is in favor of the passage of the Flood resolution by the senate. We do not approve of the Flood resolution nor the democratic politics which tied New Mexico helpless to the cause of Arizona; we can however swallow a more bitter dose than that if it means statehood for New Mexico. It is the conviction of this paper that the people of New Mexico at large, irrespective of politics will gladly accept statehood under the Flood resolution if its passage means statehood.

There is another graver side to the matter pointed out by Judge A. B. Fall in an interview in this paper yesterday. The advocates of statehood for Arizona; the bitter partisans of the recall for judges the men who will raise heaven and earth to admit Arizona as a radically progressive state; if defeat for Arizona states them in the face, they will wreak revenge on New Mexico; and a combination of the democratic and progressive republicans, as pointed out by Judge Fall, might easily, and probably would, pass a resolution affirmatively disapproving the constitution of New Mexico and again throw up clear outside the breastworks, to lose every foot of ground we have gained and begin the whole disheartening fight from the ground up again. With New Mexico it has been always the choice between not two evils, but half a dozen or more. It has never been a matter of getting what we want, but of taking what we can get. The people of New Mexico showed this when they voted to accept the fantastic and chimerical proposition of joint statehood with Arizona. Beside that proposition, statehood with the democratic string tied to it is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

The Morning Journal faces the facts, however unpalatable they may be. President Taft has indicated that he will save the day; and the pressure of the entire citizenship of New Mexico should be immediately brought to bear on the senate to pass the Flood resolution. By shrewd political maneuvering which regards New Mexico merely as a part in the game, the democrats have put it squarely up to the president. The provision for a reconsideration of Arizona's recall has enabled Taft to save his face and save New Mexico. If the Washington dispatches are correct in stating that Taft has indicated that he will sign the resolution, every possible effort should be made to get it through the senate. It has been only the doubt as to the president's attitude which made the final passage of the resolution hazardous.

If the senate knows that New Mexico, regardless of politics, is unanimously in favor of immediate statehood; if it is known that President Taft will waive his prejudices, sign the bill and save New Mexico from further troublesome tossing on the congressional sea of peanut politics; it would be folly for any one to counsel delay.

The Morning Journal is in favor of immediate statehood under the Flood resolution as against risking everything by opposing it in the senate.

The man who is trying to revive Hailley's comet as a weather influence may be expected to go back at any moment to an effort to play up free silver.

The New Mexico dentists are to meet here next fall. Might it not be fitting to say that this meeting will be pulled off?

Justice Harlan thinks the word "reasonable" may be very unreasonably employed.

Mexico never has a "war scare." It is always a "war hope."

To the royal waste basket for Austin's coronation ode.

Now we need some laws against reckless aviation.

See America first, says a railway folder. How?

Reyes has invaded Mexico and we smell grief.

## LOVELY WOMAN AND HER CLOTHES.

We are somewhat puzzled at the attitude of the local minister, who on Sunday denounced from the pulpit the raiment, or alleged lack of raiment, of the ladies of our fair city. We had never noticed anything particularly outrageous about the clothing worn by the women of Albuquerque and are rather inclined to the belief that compared with the far-seek in such places as that dear Chicago, Paris, or El Paso, Tex., the garments of the ladies of this municipality are Puritanical, not to say prudish.

It has been a sort of accepted custom to let the dear things wear just what they want and uncompromisingly foot the bill when possible. We should rather resent it if some of the ladies should inaugurate an agitation to prevent the sterner contingent wearing those voluminous pantaloons which exaggerate the contours of the masculine form divine or on the other hand the skin-tight kind, which were in vogue some time ago, and which quite conceivably violently violate the sense of modesty of the women folk.

Offentimes the feminine fashions have tended to cause us to have a sternly repressed desire to snicker. We never took them seriously enough to display the mantling blushes which have apparently overcome the editor of the evening paper.

Balloon sleeves or hobble skirts, let them wear them and exult therein; it is the way of woman and has been since the earliest times. As to the number of petticoats, it is none of our business and only hearsay at that. We are dealing with externals.

Seriously, we are inclined to believe that the women of Albuquerque are fairly modest and that in the main Anthony Comstock would put his "Inspected and Passed" on the most of their clothes. Personally we have not made so close an inspection as appears to have been made in other quarters, but just from casual observation we believe the ladies of this city wear enough clothes. As far as that goes, the sternest code of morality often obtains among peoples where nature unadorned is adorned the most.

To the pure, all things are pure, and you can always be shocked if you want to be. Let us go about our business and let the ladies gratify their craving for preening and fuss and feathers, which is in their nature. Most of us can stand it if they can. We believe the minister, whose motives are unquestionably right, has sort of exaggerated things and made much ado about nothing.

## The Sweet Melody of Irrigation

The heart of the irrigated ranch is the wier box. On our ranch, it stands at the entrance, under a weeping willow, and sends its arteries, the flumes, down the sloping hillside to the orange, the alfalfa, the distant stretches of grain; measuring to each water according to its need.

To it, in turn, water is doled out from the hill flume—not daily, but at stated intervals, under the jurisdiction of the colleague rulers of our kingdom, the day and night raneros. For in this country, where fortune, comfort, even life itself, depend on it, water is not a thing to lie at the mercy of the anarchic multitude. It must be measured to each man in turn, with care that none is wasted, and the hand that deals it out must be unswayed by partiality, or self-interest.

Through every hour of the twenty-four, you may see the raneros skimming the miles of dusty road from ranch to ranch, unlocking a gate here and another there, wherever it is a man's "rain," as they say. Then for the span of a day and a night, water flows upon the thirsty crops on this man's land.

The sound of running water is pleasant to the ears in any country. But no one can fully understand the delight of it who has not listened to it in desert places. We have come to look forward with eagerness to the fifteenth of the month, when our turn for irrigating comes. The veranda on which we sleep is very near the wier box. In spring and fall, we are courted by a last nap before sunrise when the raneros' horse gallops into our dreams. Deliciously, half conscious we hear the heavy cart swing open on the hill, and come back to the waking world on the tide of a gurgling, joyous stream that heaves against the measuring boards and dashes impetuously down to the parched land below. One comes to the day with new zest, accompanied by such music. However hot it is, however throning the task, our minds wander into pleasant ways, catching here some remnant of dreams, there the half forgotten memory of other days by other waters; and through it all holding the sense of cool shadows and growing things.

It seems as if in this country the water has a thousand new and exquisite voices. There is a drip or it through the old boards of the wier, upon the eager little plants and flowers that fringe its borders; the hurry and rush of it, as it tumbles down the narrow flumes; its mimic roar as it cascades when it pours through the little gates into the plowed furrows of the level land. These, perhaps, are the voices of waters in all countries, and these chiefly speak to us during the day. But at night, when we steal out to take our last look at our possession, other voices rise, which, though almost inaudible to the ear of the sense, are yet heard shaking in their beauty. That still, brown stream among the orange trees, so untrifled in its progress that it mirrors, with scarcely a blur, the drooping branch, the slender rim of moon; it has seemed silent enough all day, yet now it rustles like the silken garments of fairies to the bending ear. And down yonder in the alfalfa, where Ignacio with his shovel and lantern plops up and down like a will-o'-the-wisp in harness, what a strange song the water is singing him! How it creeps

among the tired too-early blossomed heads of alfalfa, with a low, grinding sigh, a whispered protest against the copper who waits the perfection of their flower! As it spreads in tiny wavelets over the field, there is a mysterious stirring of the air, a murmur that beats with delicate insistence upon the ear, penetrating even Ignacio's Indian soul with a vague sense of uneasiness. "The water talks," he said to us once. And he whistles softly to the dog, coaxing him to his side in a desire for companionship before the unknown "Beliman."

## Disagrees With Rev. Mr. Beckman

Editor Morning Journal, Dear Sir: Now and then a preacher decides he must preach a "sensational" sermon in order that people may be attracted to his church. Evidently such was the motive of the Rev. Charles Oscar Beckman in his remarks last Sunday, when he suggested that respectable women in Albuquerque go about the streets clothed "so that one can behold all they have on or do not have on." Also he said: "I believe there ought to be a law compelling women to wear petticoats enough to hide the natural woman."

This writer has been on the principal streets of Albuquerque much of the time since warm weather began and possibly because he has not been "looking," has never yet seen any woman dressed immodestly.

Sometimes the winds play tricks with skirts, but only a certain class of young boys, not out of the age when they laugh at things which persons of mature minds never notice, pay attention to the frolics of the wind.

This writer is reminded of the story of George Bernard Shaw, who, while driving with a lady along an English highway, passed a mill pond in which a number of boys were bathing. "Mr. Shaw," said the woman, "don't you think it dreadful for these boys to go in swimming nude so near the public road?"

Mr. Shaw answered: "I believe they are boys. If you hadn't called my attention, I wouldn't have known whether they were boys or girls."

A story quite in point is told by Ralph Waldo Emerson. The old sage was in the Boston Art museum, and had paused before Powers' "Greek Slave," when one of Boston's prim spinners came up and said: "Mr. Emerson, don't you think such exhibitions are positively vulgar?" In deep disgust, the philosopher answered, as he turned away: "No, but your question is."

Immodesty is a thing of the mind. In a remote southern mountain district, not many years ago, owing to a discovery of valuable oil lands, there was a rapid influx of people from the north and the west. That particular section was noted for homicides, illegitimate children and moonshine whiskey. But the people had always seen women ride with side saddles. When the wives of the men from the north and the west appeared riding astride, the people of that mountain town were shocked beyond expression. Local preachers expressed their horror from the pulpit and an indignation meeting was called at the court house.

In oriental countries, where women never go out without having their faces covered, if a man should happen to come upon one of them unexpectedly when she had no veil available, it would be considered quite proper for her to lift the front of her dress and cover her face.

"Evil to him who evil thinketh," is an aphorism that has stood the test of time, not quite so long, however, as another aphorism: "For as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

A READER.

At a meeting of the Chicago Mill & Lumber company, held May 18, 1911, W. F. Ohlman, formerly manager of the Albuquerque Planning Mill, was elected manager of the Chicago Mill & Lumber company. This company, on April 1, 1911, vacated the Albuquerque Planning Mill, and now occupies a \$20,000 plant at the corner of Third street and Marquette avenue. The best machinery in the territory has been installed and the company is prepared to furnish anything required in the erection of a building.

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## FIVE MALLETS ENGINES FOR BALTIMORE AND OHIO ARE HUGE MACHINES

The Baltimore & Ohio railroad was notified early in May that five of the largest railroad locomotives ever constructed, of the Mallet articulated compound type, had been completed and had left the shops at Schenectady, en route to Baltimore for delivery, all ready to be placed in service, says the Railway Journal. Ten of these huge locomotives were contracted for by the Baltimore & Ohio several months ago, the present installment being the first delivery to be made under the contract. The weight of the new engines is 451,000 pounds, or 51,000 pounds in excess of any motive power heretofore built; the tender weighs 181,000 pounds, making the combined weight of the engine and tender 632,000 pounds. The new locomotives will be placed in service to haul freight trains over the mountain divisions of the road.

The Baltimore & Ohio was the first American railroad to purchase a Mallet engine, which is of French design, and after exhibiting one as a part of the company's display at the World's Fair at St. Louis in 1904, it was put in use as a helper engine in freight service over the Allegheny mountains. This engine, which is still in use on the Connellsville division, weighed 254,500 pounds, being the heaviest engine in the world at the time it was built. Proving especially adapted to American railroading, where large tonnage is handled, still larger locomotives of the same type were purchased by other lines for use as helpers on freight trains.

The Mallet locomotives are 93 feet 1 1/4 inches long from the pilot to the drawbar on the tender, having 16 driving wheels arranged in sets of four pairs. The engine also has two



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sets of cylinders, those forward being low-pressure and those in the rear high-pressure cylinders. The steam pressure of the new engines is 210 pounds to the square inch.

The Mallet engines were included in the contracts for new equipment placed last year with a view to equipping the road to expeditiously handle business offered and to care for increased business. At the same time, it will be remembered the Baltimore & Ohio management began the construction of a third track across the mountains in West Virginia, which work is progressing satisfactorily.

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